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Shakspeare. As you like it. 1848

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY JOHN W. S. HOWS.

No. LXVI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUBLISHER,

AND FOR SALE BY

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1848.

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Miss Katharine A. Largent

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS enchanting Comedy is perhaps the most purely ideal of any of Shakspeare's plays. Although the plot is borrowed from the novel or tale of "*Rosalynde*," by Thomas Lodge, a contemporary writer, yet Shakspeare, in passing the materials furnished by the novelist through the alembic of his own imagination, has created new characters and incidents, and has imbued the whole with a higher cast of thought and feeling than could be attained by Lodge. It is, in fact, the alchemic transmutation of the baser metal into pure gold, which Genius, in its adaptive faculty, can alone achieve. The contemplative *Jacques*, that prince of philosophical jesters, *Touchstone*, and the "rustical" *Audrey*, are pure creations of Shakspeare's fancy, worthy of the master-mind that gave them birth.

The late annotators of Shakspeare have exercised their erudite talent of analytical disquisition, by endeavouring to trace the gradual developement of the great poet's powers, in the successive works he produced. "*As You Like It*" is, by this process of analytical inquiry, referred to that epoch of our author's life when he had attained the perfection of poetic and romantic comedy. It was the period when his brilliant, youthful genius, shone forth in all its freshness of intellectual superiority, "mingled with the thoughtfulness of maturer age." However doubtful may be the theory of these annotators, the fact will readily be conceded that "*As You Like It*" is one of the most delightful productions of our poet's pen.

As an acting play, it is perhaps less a favourite, than it is in the closet; we mean to the present race of play-goers, for the character of *Rosalind* is almost unapproachable unless by actresses of that high and peculiar order of genius, now so rarely to be found in the professors of the histrionic art. Nor are the

other prominent characters in this true dramatic treasure scarcely less difficult of embodiment. What a host of portraits, life-like and vivid, are concentrated in the group the poet has peopled his Arcadian forest with !

How beautifully probable is the whole dramatic action of the piece, where, in the language of Campbell, "Shakspeare has snatched us out of the busy world into a woodland solitude. He makes us breathe its fresh air, partake its pastoral peace, feast on its venison, admire its bounding wild deer, and sympathise with its banished men and simple rustics. But what a tablet of characters ! The witty and impassioned *Rosalind*, the love-devoted *Orlando*, the friendship-devoted *Celia*, the duty-devoted *Adam*, the humorous *Clown*, and the melancholy *Jacques* ; all these, together with the dignified and banished *Duke*, make the Forest of Arden an Elysium to our imagination."

To realize this picture on the stage in all its varied and distinctive beauties, is, indeed, a difficult task, for it would comprise a stock company of individual excellence, now apparently unattainable.

The revival of this play at the Park during the Keans' late visit to this country, however, gave a very fair idea of its exquisite adaptation for stage representation. The fascinating *Rosalind* of Mrs. Charles Kean, was a dramatic treat of that high order now unfortunately so rare on the stage ; and the scholarly embodiment of *Jacques* by Mr. Charles Kean, may be classed among his happiest efforts. Bass, too, as *Touchstone*, had imbibed the true Shakspearian richness ; and Mrs. Abbott was a delightful representative of *Celia* ; nor should we omit the touching and artistical *Old Adam* of Barry, the spirited *Orlando* of Dyott, and the well-read *Duke* of Mr. Bland. The play, with this admirable cast, proved eminently attractive, but the true student of Shakspeare must always find a higher gratification in the reading, than he can ever hope to experience in the necessarily imperfect embodiment of it upon the Stage. The ideality of poetry so completely invests every portion of this incomparable creation, that the attempt to give a fictitious reality to it on the Stage is almost a hopeless task.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1835.</i>	<i>Park, 1846.</i>	<i>Cheesnut, Phil. 1846.</i>
<i>The Duke</i>	Mr. Egerton.	Mr. Bellamy.	Mr. Fredericks.
<i>Duke Frederick</i>	" Evans.	" Stark.	" C. J. Smith.
<i>Amiens</i>	" Larkin.	" S. Pearson.	" J. Dunn.
<i>Jaques</i>	" Macready.	" Chas. Kean.	" Charles Kean.
<i>Le Beau</i>	" Horrebrow.	" A. Andrews.	" Bowers.
<i>Eustace</i>	" King.	" Milot.	" Rae.
<i>Louis</i>	" Mears.	" Heath.	" Warden.
<i>Oliver</i>	" Connor.	" M'Douall.	" S. Johnson.
<i>Jaques de Bois</i>	" Baker.	" Gallot.	" Linden.
<i>Orlando</i>	" C. Kemble.	" Dyott.	" Morris.
<i>Adam</i>	" Chapman.	" Barry.	" Jervis.
<i>Charles</i>	" Crumpton.	" Matthews.	" G. Smith.
<i>William</i>	" Blanchard.	" Fisher.	" Owens.
<i>Touchstone</i>	" Fawcett.	" Bass.	" Burton.
<i>Dennis</i>	" Henry.	" Sprague.	" Blankman.
<i>Sylvius</i>	" Comer.	" Sutherland.	" T. Duff.
<i>Corin</i>	" Atkins.	" Anderson.	" Eberle.
<i>Rosalind</i>	Miss Jones.	Mrs. Chas. Kean.	Mrs. Charles Kean.
<i>Celia</i>	" Foote.	" Abbott.	" M'Lean.
<i>Phoebe</i>	" Shaw.	" Rogers.	" Hughes.
<i>Audrey</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.	" Vernon.	
<i>Hymen</i>	Miss Beaumont.		

COSTUMES.

DUKE.—Blue and white doublet and pantaloons, buff waistcoat, round green velvet hat and white plumes, russet boots, a vandyke and gauntlets.

DUKE FREDERICK.—Purple velvet jacket and trunks, crimson velvet robe, embroidered richly, lined with satin and edged with ermine, round purple velvet hat and white plumes, white silk stockings, russet shoes, vandyke and gauntlets.

AMIENS.—Blue doublet and pantaloons, round purple hat and white plume, russet boots, vandyke and gauntlets.

JAQUES.—Blue doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with brown fur, black hat and blue plume, russet boots, vandyke and gauntlets.

ORLANDO.—Olive brown doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with light blue, brown cap. *Second dress:* Blue jacket, buff pantaloons, russet boots, vandyke, &c.

OLIVER.—Blue jacket, trunks, and cloak, ornamented with silver, black velvet hat and white plumes, russet shoes. *Second dress:* Round black hat, the other parts of the dress blue entirely.

TOUCHSTONE.—A party-coloured (red, white, and blue) doublet, trunks, and cloak; a curiously formed cap, with an ear (like the ear of an ass) standing up on each side; one red and one white stocking, one russet and one black shoe.

I.E. BEAU.—Light-brown jacket and cloak, trimmed with silver, light-blue pantaloons, white shoes with satin roses, white hat and plumes.

CORIN and SYLVIVS.—Drab doublet and trunks, russet shoes, and brown caps.

ROSALIND.—White dress, spangled with gold. *Second dress:* Green tunic, trimmed with fur, blue pantaloons, round hat, russet boots.

CELIA.—White dress, spangled with silver. *Second dress:* Blue body, white muslin skirt, trimmed with green flowers.

PHOEBE.—White, trimmed with green.

AUDREY.—Tawdry gown with large flowers, crimson stuffed petticoat, with jacket, ruffles, large flat straw hat.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L. *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Oliver's Orchard.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, R.

Orl. (R. c.) As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and, to that end, riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something, that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me; he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

[*Crosses, L.*

Adam. (L.) Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

[*Adam retires up the Stage.*

Enter OLIVER, L.

Oliv. (L.) Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. (R. c.) Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliv. What mar you, then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which Heaven made—a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliv. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliv. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. Oh, sir, very well : here, in your orchard.

Oliv. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliv. What, boy! [*Advances and lays hold of him.*]

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*Part.*]

Oliv. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says, such a father begot villains: [*Lays hold of Oliver.*] Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Advancing, L. c.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliv. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you, in his will, to give me good education: you have trained me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliv. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in; [*Crosses to Oliver's House.*] I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good. [*Exit into House.*]

Oliv. (R.) [*To Adam.*] Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. [Crossing.] Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—Heaven be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word!

[*Exit into House.*]

Oliv. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. [*Exit into the House.*]

SCENE II.—*Oliver's House.*

Enter OLIVER, R.

Oliv. Holloa, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS, L.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oliv. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here, and importunes access to you.

Oliv. Call him in.—[*Exit Dennis, L.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES, L.

Chas. (L.) Good morrow to your worship.

Oliv. (R.) Good Monsieur Charles! what's the new news at the new court?

Chas. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves in voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliv. Can you tell if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Chas. Oh, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her cou-

sin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliv. Where will the old Duke live?

Chas. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and many a merry man with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliv. (L. c.) What, you wrestle to-morrow, before the new Duke?

Chas. (R. c.) Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in against me, to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he came in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him for his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oliv. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore, use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for, if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living.

I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Chas. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, Heaven keep your worship. [Exit, L.]

Oliv. Farewell, good Charles! Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul—yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit, R.]

SCENE III.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA, R.

Cel. (R.) I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. (L. c.) Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. (R. c.) Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father per force, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and, when I break that oath, let me turn

monster : therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports ; let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal ; but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport, neither, that with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced ; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true ; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. No ! When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire ? [*Touchstone sings without, L.*] Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool, to cut off the argument.

[*Ladies retire, R.*]

Enter TOUCHSTONE, L.

How now, wit ! whither wander you ?

Touch. (L.) Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

Touch. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good ; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or, if he had, he had sworn it all away before he ever saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU, L.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau ; what's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport ! of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? how shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ! that was laid on with a trowel.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. (L. c.) I will tell you the beginning, [*Goes to c.*] and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. (c.) Well—the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence—

Ros. With bills on their necks—"Be it known unto all men, by these presents"—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler ; which Charles, in a moment, threw

him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. (L.) But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day ; it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it. [Flourish.—All retire, R.]

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and ATTENDANTS, L.

Duke. Come on : since the youth will not be entreated. his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke. (c.) How now, daughter and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. [*Retires to a State Chair, c. of background.*] In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated : speak to him, ladies—see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Brun.

Duke. Do so ; I'll not be by.

[*Sits.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur, the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. (L.) I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. [*Ros. and Cel. advance nearer Orl.*] Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess, he is the general challenger; I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein, I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that never was gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me—the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you!

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well! Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Chas. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Chas. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums while they wrestle.*
Charles is thrown.]

Duke. [*Advancing, c.*] No more, no more.

Orl. (c.) Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Touch. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else! The world esteemed thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy:

I would thou hadst told me of another father!

[*Rosalind and Celia stand, R.—Exit Duke, with his Train, L.*

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick. [*Retires back, L. c.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him; My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, [*Orlando advances.*] you have well deserved:

If you do keep your promises in love, But justly, as you have exceeded promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.* Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune; That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman! [*Going.*

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up, Is but a quaintaine, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. [*Going, R.*] He calls us back. [*Stops.*] My pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. [*Returning.*] Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. (R. S. E.) Will you go, coz?

Ros. (R.) Have with you.—Fare you well!

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia, R.*]

Orl. [*Advances, c.*] What passion hangs these weights
upon my tongue!

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

Oh, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Enter LE BEAU, L.

Le Beau. (L.) Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet, such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. (R. C.) I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-
ners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter's company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that, of late, this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!

[*Exit Le Beau, L.*]

Thus must I, from the smoke into the smother ;
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :
 But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND, R.

Cel. (R. c.) Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ; Cupid have mercy !—Not a word ?

Ros. (L. c.) Not one, to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me.—But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat : these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

[*Crosses, R.*

Cel. (L.) Oh, a good wish upon you !—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest ; is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking for old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I ? doth he not deserve well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do.

Cel. Ha ! here comes the duke, with his eyes full of anger.

[*Crosses to Rosalind.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, and GENTLEMEN, L.

Duke. (c.) Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court !

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke. You, cousin :
Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it !

Ros. [Advances and kneels.] I do beseech your grace,
Let the knowledge of my fault bear with me !
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires ;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. (L. c.) Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. [Rising.] So was I, when your highness took his dukedom ;

So was I, when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,—
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak !

[Advances to Duke.]
Duke. Ay, Celia ; we but stayed her for your sake ;
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,—
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
If she be a traitor,

Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;
 And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence, and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her :
 Then open not thy lips ;
 Firm, and irrevocable, in my doom
 Which I have passed upon her—she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege ;
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool !—You, niece, provide yourself ;
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die !

[*Exeunt Duke, &c., L.*]

Cel. (R.) Oh, my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
 Wilt thou change fathers ?—I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. (R.) I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banished me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ! hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth me, that thou and I are one.
 Shall we be sundered ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
 No ! let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what canst, I'll go along with thee !

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ? [Crossing, L.]

Cel. To seek my uncle, in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
 Beauty provoketh thieves, sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire :
 The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe by my side,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. (L.) What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me:
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away, [*Crosses, R.*
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight.

Ros. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO, R.—Knocks at the Door, L.

Orl. Who's there?

Enter ADAM, from Oliver's House.

Adam. (L.) What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle master!

Oh, my sweet master! Oh! you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bony priser of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 Oh, what a world is this, when, what is comely,
 Envenom's him that bears it!

Orl. (R. c.) Why, what's the matter?

Adam. Oh, unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother [Comes out of the House.
 Hath heard your praises; and, this night, he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it; if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off:
 I overheard him, and his practices.
 This is no place—this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

Adam. (L. c.) No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. Why, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do: [Goes, R.
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can; [Returns to c.
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns—
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father—
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:
 Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yes, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:—
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For, in my youth, I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly ;—let me go with you ;
 I'll do the service of a younger man,
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. Oh, good old man ! how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion ;
 And having that, do cloak their service up
 Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together ; [*Going, R.*
 And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled, low content. [*Exit, R.*

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

[*Slowly following.*

From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 • At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week :
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, and two or three
 LORDS, like Foresters, L.*

Duke. (c.) Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—
 The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;

Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery : these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly, and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head !
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. (R.) Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet, and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

Jaques. (L.) Indeed, my lord,
I have often grieved at that ;
And, in that kind, think you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banished you.
To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal
Behind an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said you ?—
Did you not moralize this spectacle ?

Jaques. Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream :—
Poor deer, quoth I, thou makest a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much :—Then, being alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends ;
 'Tis right, quoth I ; thus, misery doth part
 The flux of company :—Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him ;—Ay, quoth I,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus pierced I through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; for we, my lord,
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assigned and native dwelling place.

Duke. Show me the place ;
 I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
 For then you're full of matter.

Jacqu. I'll bring you to it straight. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, and GENTLEMEN, R.

Duke. (c.) Can it be possible, that no man saw them ?
 It cannot be ; some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1st Gent. (r.) I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
 They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2d Gent. (l.) My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so
 oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
 Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter, and her cousin, much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,
 That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;

[*Exit 2d Gent., L.*

I'll make him find him—do this suddenly;

And let not search and inquisition quail,

To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, AMIENS, and three other LORDS, L.

Jaques. (c.) More, more; I pr'ythee, more.

Amiens. (L.) It will make you melancholy, Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it; I do love it better than laughing.

Amiens. Those that are in the extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my after rumination wraps me is a most humorous sadness.—Sing, I pr'ythee, sing.

Amiens. My voice is rugged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I desire you to sing.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel can suck eggs. Come, warble, warble.

SONG.—AMIENS.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall ye see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;

Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail
against all the first-born of Egypt. [*Exit, L.*]

Amiens. And we'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is
prepared. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, in Boy's Clothes, for Ganymede, CELIA, dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE, L. U. E.

Ros. (R. C.) Oh, Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. (C.) I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. (L.) I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here: a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

[*All three retire up the L. side of the Stage.*]

Enter CORIN and SYLVIVUS, R.

Corin. (L. C.) That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Syl. (R. C.) Oh, Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Corin. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sylv. No, Corin, being old, thou can'st not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow;

But if thy life were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sylv. Oh, thou didst then never love so heartily;
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not talked as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.—Oh, Phœbe, Phœbe, Phœbe!

[*Exeunt Corin and Sylvius, R.*]

Ros. (L.) Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

[*All three advance.*]

Touch. (c.) And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming o' nights to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving them her again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. (L. c.) Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my shins against it.

Cel. (R. c.) I pray you, one of you question yon man, If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holloa! you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool! he's not thy kinsman.

Enter CORIN, R.

Corin. (R.) Who calls?

Touch. (L.) Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say : Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

[*Touchstone retires to Celia, R.*]

Ros. (c.) I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here's a young maid, with travel much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Corin. (R.) Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Corin. That young swain, that you saw here but ere-
while,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold :
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, L.

Adam, (L.) Dear master, I can go no further : oh, I die
for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.
Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ?
Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : if

this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; [*Lifting him up.*] and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam! [*Bearing him away, L., scene changes.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.—A Table set out.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and LORDS, R.

Duke. (c.) I think he is transformed into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1st Lord. (R.) My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry hearing of a song.

Duke. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAKUES, L.

1st Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jakues. (L.) A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool:

Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,

And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.

“Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I: “No, sir,” quoth he,

“Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:”

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:

Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—Oh, noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

[All retire to the Table.]

Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn, L.

Orl. (L.) Forbear, and eat no more !

Jagues. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jagues. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke. [Coming forward.] Art thou thus boldened, man,
by thy distress ?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touched my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility ; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture : but forbear, I say !
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Duke. (R. C.) What would you have ? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. (L. C.) I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gentle ? Pardon me, I pray you ;
I thought that all things had been savage here ;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment : but whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time :
If ever you have looked on better days :
If ever been where bells have knolled to church ;

If ever sat at any good man's feast;
 If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it, that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knolled to church;
 And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity had engendered:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limped in pure love; till he be first sufficed—
 Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger—
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blessed for your good comfort!
[*Exit, L.*

Duke. (c.) Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaques. (L. c.) All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits, and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;

In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

[*All retire to Table.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, L.

Duke. Welcome : set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself

Duke. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you,
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

[*Amiens advances, c.*]

SONG.—AMIENS.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.

Duke. [*Comes forward.*] If that you were the good Sir
 Rowland's son—

As you have whispered faithfully you were ;
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
 Most truly limned, and living in your face—

Be truly welcome hither ; I am the duke,
 That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is :—
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, OLIVER, and
 GENTLEMEN, L.

Duke. (R.) Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
 Bring him, dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;
 Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oliv. (L.) Oh, that your highness knew my heart in
 this !

I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou ! Well, push him out of doors :
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands :
 Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt, Duke, R., the others, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper, L. U. E.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
 And thou, thrice-crown'd queen of night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
Oh, Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And on their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she. [Exit, R.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE, R.

Corin. (R.) And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. (L. C.) Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is the lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone : I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you ; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle ; to be bawd to a bell-weather ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see how else thou should'st 'scape.

Corin. Here comes young Mr. Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

[*They retire, L.*]

Enter ROSALIND, L. U. E., taking a Paper from a Tree, and reading.

Ros. From the east to the western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

[*Touchstone advances, R.*]

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest limned,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. [*Crosses, L.*] I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. (R.) Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste :—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses : Why do you infect yourself with them ?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit. [*Retires, R.*]

Enter CELIA, with a writing, R.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading! stand aside! [*Retires, R.*]

Cel. Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
This quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in a little show.
Therefore Heaven nature charged,
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged:
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind, of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised:
[*Rosalind advances behind Celia.*
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized,
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. Oh, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little;—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone, L.*]

Cel. (L. c.) Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. (R. c.) Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more, too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came ; for look here, what I found on a palm-tree.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : change you colour ?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who ?

Cel. O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ? Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who is it ?

Cel. Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping !

Ros. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando ?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he, when thou saw'st him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What

makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. Thou must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under an oak tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on

Enter JAQUES and ORLANDO, L.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire back on R.]

Jaques. (R. c.) I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. (L. c.) And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. Heaven be with you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees, with writing love-songs on their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses, with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?—Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistresses, the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love!

[Exit, R.]

Orl. I'm glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy!

[Rosalind comes forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. (R. C.) Do you hear, forester?

Orl. (L. C.) Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between

the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

[*Celia advances.*]

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was, in his youth, an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank heaven I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. They were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. [*Celia retires up the Stage.*] There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable spirit ; which you have not : a beard neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point device in your accoutrements—as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love !

Ros. Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.—But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too ; yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me : At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate—changeable—longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears—full of smiles ; for every passion, something, and for no passion, truly, anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like

him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will! Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live.— Will you go?

[*Celia advances.*

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt, R.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, R.

Touch. (L.) Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. (R. c.) Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and, what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. And do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope that thou did'st feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and, therefore, I pray the gods, make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and, to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

[*Capers clumsily up the Stage.*]

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what, though? Courage! as horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone!—No, no; the noblest deer has them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.

Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA, R.**Ros.* (L. c.) Never talk to me, I will weep.*Cel.* (R. c.) Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.*Ros.* Not true in love!*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.*Cel.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here, in the forest, upon the duke, your father.*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him; he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he: so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?*Cel.* Oh, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides:—Who comes here?*Enter CORIN, L.**Corin.* (L.) Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complained of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.*Cel.* Well, and what of him?*Corin.* If you will see a pageant truly played
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. (c.) Oh, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter PHÆBE and SYLVIVS, R.

Sylv. (R.) Sweet Phæbe, do not scorn me :—do not,

Phæbe :

Say that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness : The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon : Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, L. U. E.

Phæbe. I would not be thy executioner ;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes :
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart ;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Sylv. Oh, dear Phæbe,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds, invisible,
That love's keen arrows make.

Phæbe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me : and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing to c.*] And why, I pray you ?—Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched ? What though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
Than, without candle, may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work :—Odd's my little life !
 I think she means to tangle mine eyes, too :—
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd ! wherefore do you follow her ?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman : 'Tis such fools as you
 That make the world full of ill-favoured children :
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her :
 But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your knees,
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets ;
 Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :
 So, take her to thee, shepherd :—fare you well !

Phæbe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together ;

I had rather hear you chide. than this man woo.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falsèr than vows made in wine :
 Besides, I like you not ; if you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here, hard by :
 Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—
 Come, sister :—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud : though all the world could see,
 None could be so abused in sight as he.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, R.*

Sylv. (L.) Sweet Phæbe !

Phæbe. (R.) Ha ! what say'st thou, Sylvius ?

Sylv. Sweet Phæbe, pity me !

Phæbe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.

Sylv. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

Phæbe. Sylvius, the time was that I hated thee.

And yet it is not that I bear thee love :

But since that thou can'st talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure ; and I'll employ thee, too :

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile ?

Sylv. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phæbe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?

I marvel why I answered not again:
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it—Wilt thou, Sylvius?

Sylv. Phæbe, with all my heart.

Phæbe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Sylvius. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, R, and ORLANDO, L.

Orl. (L.) Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Ros. (R.) Why, how now, Orlando? where have you
been all this while? You a lover!—An' you serve me
such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my
promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will
divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part
of a thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it
may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the
shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind!

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my
sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he
carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think,
than you can make a woman.—Come, woo me, woo me,
for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to con-
sent:—What would you say to me now, an' I were your
very, very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you

were gruelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators—when they are out, they will spit; and, for lovers lacking matter, the cleanest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Am I not your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot Midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Enter CELIA, R.

Ros. (c.) By this hand, it will not kill a fly! But come, now 'I will be your Rosalind, in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. (l. c.) Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, 'faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good

thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Cel. (R.) I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin—Will you, Orlando—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. Now, tell me how long would you have her after you have possessed her?

Orl. Forever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever; no, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes, when they are wives. [*Cel. retires up the Stage.*] I will be more jealous of thee, than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena, and that, when you are inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do!

Orl. Oh, but she is wise!

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say—Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to a neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could have wit to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take

her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

SONG.—ROSALIND.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And ladies smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
Cuckoo—

Cuckoo, cuckoo—Oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
Cuckoo—

Cuckoo, cuckoo—Oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove! my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so—come death. Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind!

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so, God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu!

Ros. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit Orlando, L.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.

Ros. [L.] Oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or, rather, bottomless; that, as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.—Look, who comes here?

Enter SYLVIVS, L.

Sylv. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phœbe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. [*Reading.*] Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer! Bear this, bear all!
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sylv. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phœbe did write it.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sylv. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phœbe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phœbe's me: mark how the tyrant writes:—
[*Reads.*] "Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sylv. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*] "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sylv. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. [*Crosses, R.*] Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—"That, if she loves me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Sylvius, L.*]

Enter OLIVER, L.

Oliv. (L.) Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. (c.) West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,
Brings you to the place:

But, at this hour, the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oliv. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oliv. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. [*Advancing to c.*] I am. What must we understand by this?

Oliv. Some of my shame—if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oliv. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but, suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And, with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Ros. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oliv. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to Orlando :—Did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oliv. (L. c.) Twice did he turn his back, and purposed
so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. (L. c.) Are you his brother ?

Ros. (c.) Was it you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oliv. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oliv. By and by.

When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place ;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment.
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here, upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled : and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ? sweet Ganymede ?

[*Rosalind faints.*]

Oliv. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymede !

Oliv. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home !

Cel. We'll lead you thither :—

I pray you will you take him by the arm !

Oliv. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man !—

You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigho !

Oliv. This was not counterfeit : there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliv. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards :—Good sir, go with us.

Oliv. That will I ; for I must bear answer back, how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something : But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ?

[*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, L.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. (R. C.) 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey ! a most vile Mar-text ! But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM, L.

Touch. (c.) It is meat and drink in me to see a clown: By my troth, we, that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Wil. (L.) Good even, Audrey.

Aud. Give ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: is thy name William?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank heaven.

Touch. Thank heaven! a good answer: Art rich?

Wil. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so! 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well? I do now remember a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Wil. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am. he.

Wil. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish is—company—of this

female—which in the common is—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will overrun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. Rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit, R.*

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter OLIVER and ORLANDO, L.

Orl. (L.) Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? And you will persevere to enjoy her ?

Oliv. (R.) Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other ; it shall be to your good : for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND, R.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind !

Ros. (R.) Heaven save you, brother !

Oliv. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit, R.*

Ros. Oh ! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

Orl. (L. c.) It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. (R. c.) Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. (c.) Oh, I know where you are :—Nay, 'tis true : there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's Thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame;" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SYLVIVS and PHÆBE, L.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers!

Phæbe. (L. c.) Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. (R. c.) I care not, if I have : it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phæbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sylv. (L.) It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—
And so I am for Phæbe.

Phæbe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sylv. It is to be all made of faith and service ;
And so am I for Phæbe.

Phæbe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. (R.) And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman. Pray you, no more of this :
'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.
[*To Sylvius.*] I will help you if I can :—[*To Phæbe.*] I
would love you, if I could :—To-morrow, meet me all to-
gether.—[*To Phæbe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry
woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—[*To Sylvius.*] I
will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and
you shall be married to-morrow :—[*To Orlando.*] As you
love Rosalind, meet :—[*To Sylvius.*] As you love Phæbe,
meet :—And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you
well : I have left you commands. [Exit, L.]

Sylv. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phæbe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[Exit, R.]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter DUKE, ORLANDO, OLIVER, JAUQUES, SYLVIVS, PHÆBE,
and FORESTERS, R. U. E.*

Duke. (c.) Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. (L. c.) I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not :

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, L.

Ros. (L.) Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged;

[To Duke.] You say, (c.) if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her

Ros. (L. c.) [To Orlando.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. (R.) [To Phœbe.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phœbe. (R.) That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phœbe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [To Sylvius.] You say, that you'll have Phœbe, if she will?

Sylv. Though to have her and death were but one thing.

Ros. (c.) Keep you your word, O Duke! to give your daughter;

You yours, (L. c.) Orlando, to receive his daughter;

Keep your word, (R. c.) Phœbe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Sylvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[Exit, R.]

Duke. (L. c.) I do remember in this shepherd boy, Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. (R. c.) My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, the boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutored in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscuréd in the circle of this forest.

Touch. [Without.] Come along, Audrey.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, L.

Jaques. (R.) There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair

of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. (L.) If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire of you the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious!

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey: [*Audrey, L., assumes a stiff and formal air.*—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: This is called the quip modest. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I speak not true: This is called the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would

say, I lie. This is called the countercheck quarrelsome; and so to the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

Touch. Oh, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as—*If* you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at anything, and yet a fool!

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS, L.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:— Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Addressed a mighty power which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wild wood he came; Where, meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise, and from the world: His crown bequeathing to his banished brother, And all their lands restored to them again

That were with him exiled :—This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding. [*A Dance.*

Enter HYMEN, attended.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things, made even,
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Hymen goes to the top of the Stage, brings forward ROSALIND, and presents her to the Duke.—CELIA comes forward.

Ros. [*To the Duke.*] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

[*To Orlando.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke. (c.) If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Orl. [*To the Duke.*] I'll have no father, if you be not
he :

[*To Orlando.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he :

[*To Phæbe.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning.

Duke. Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me ;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

First, in this forest let us do these ends,

That here were well begun, and well begot :

And after, every of this happy number

That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our return'd fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry :—

Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience ;—If I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.—

[*To the Duke.*] You, to your former honour I bequeath ;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :

[*To Ors.*] You, to a love that your true faith doth merit—

[*To Oliver.*] You, to your land, and love, and great allies :

[*To Sylvius.*] You, to a long and well-deserv'd bed :—

[*To Touchstone.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victualled—

Touch. Come along, Audrey. [*Exit with Audrey.*]

Jaques. So to your pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I :—What you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit, L.*]

Duke. Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. If it be true, that " Good wine needs no bush,"
'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue : Yet, to good
wine they do use good bushes : and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues.—What a case am
I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can in-
sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am
not furnished like a beggar ; therefore, to beg will not
become me : my way is, to conjure you, and I'll begin
with the women. I charge you, oh, women ! for the
love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as
pleases them : and I charge you, oh, men ! for the love
you bear to women, (as I perceive, by your simpering,
none of you hate them,) that, between you and the wo-
men, the play may please. If I were a woman, I
would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased
me, complexions that liked me : and, I am sure, as many
as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind of-
fer, when I make a courtesy, bid me farewell.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE END.



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